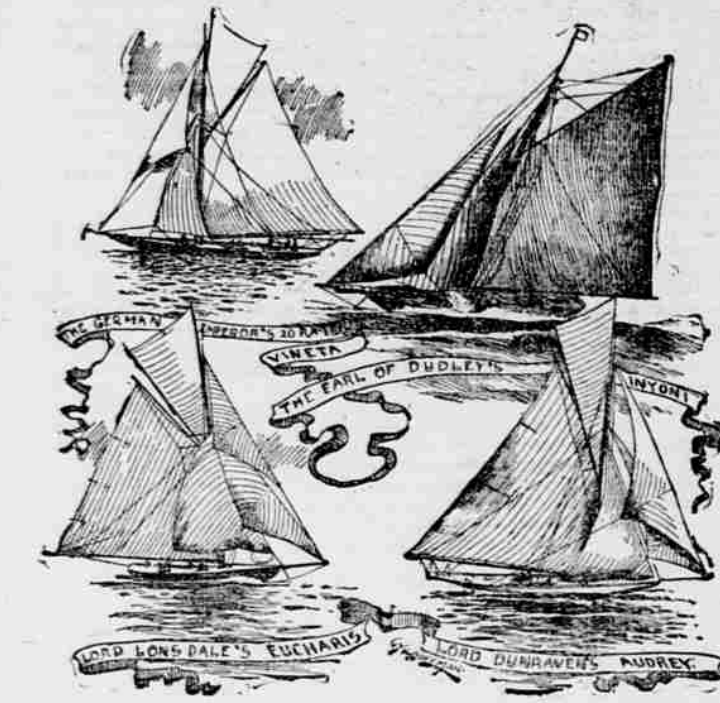


Sport Across the Atlantic
Among Titled Swells.

CRACK OF TWENTY RATERS

A Herreshoff Boat Which
Beats the Kaiser's and
Dunraven's.

When George Gould was racing the Vigilant against the Prince of Wales' Britannia last year, and losing most of the time, some ill-natured persons said of him that he was trying harder to get into swell society across the Atlantic than he was to win races. No more emphatic refutation of that charge could have been given than this patriotic and public spirited course this year in forcing any further racing with the Prince of Wales'

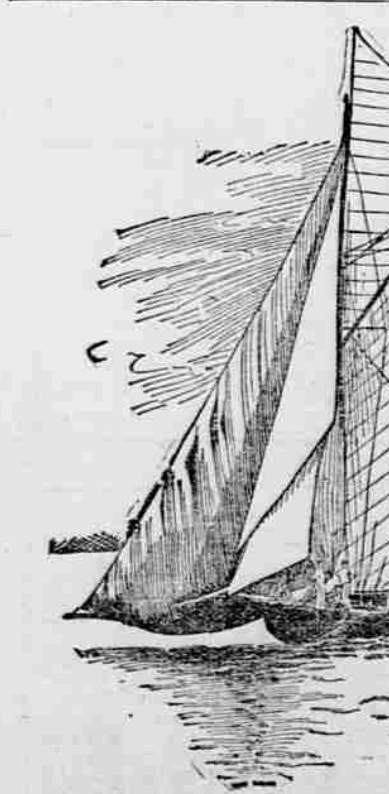


big cutter, and sending the Vigilant back to America simply to act as a trial horse for the Defender.

Howard Gould has this year been racing in British waters with the Herreshoff twenty-rater Niagara. Among the owners of twenty-raters in England there are to be found more titled swells than in any other class devoted to yacht racing. Yet it is pleasant to note that nobody has ventured to insinuate that young Howard Gould is seeking social advancement rather than sport. One reason for this may be found in the fact that the Niagara has won a majority of the races in which she has been sailed, and although she has by no means made the clean sweep in her class that did last year, the Herreshoff twenty-rater Dakota—of which the Niagara is an enlarged edition—British nautical critics concede that she is the crack of the twenty-rater fleet.

The Niagara is a racing machine pure and simple. Herreshoff designed her with an eye single to speed. She may be described best as a big canoe with a bulb finned attachment. Her dimensions are about as follows: Length over all, 65 feet; load water line length, 35 feet; beam, 12 feet; draft, hull only, 2 feet 6 inches; depth, keel to deck, 5 feet 6 inches; draft extreme, 11 feet. Her construction exhibits that remarkable combination of lightness and strength for which Herreshoff is famous, and an equally characteristic sacrifice of comfort to considerations of speed. Her interior shows an extreme head room of only 5 feet 2 1/2 inches, with less than 4 feet in the fore-cabin. No yachtsman who expects to make his ship his home would select the Niagara, but she generally "gets there" ahead of her competitors, and that is what she was built for. Her performances justify more screaming than the American eagle has yet indulged in on her account. She is commanded by Capt. John Barr, who has had a long and varied experience in all sorts of craft on both sides of the Atlantic. He sailed the Thistle when she was beaten by the Volunteer and commanded Gen. Palmer's Jubilee in the trial races of 1893. He is a Scotchman and he learned his business on the Clyde.

Deserving of first mention among Howard Gould's swell competitors is that royal Jack of all trades—and master of no few—the Emperor of Germany. He bought the Thistle after her failure to capture the America's cup and rechristened her the Meteor. He raced her frequently and gamely, but she stood no show against a more modern boat like the Britannia, and when they raced together the German Emperor found himself compelled to follow in the wake of his



Howard Gould's Niagara. The Yankee 20 Rater That Is Top of Her Class in Britain.

uncle, the Prince of Wales. He is not the sort of man who relishes being left behind in anything that he goes in for, so at the close of last year he commissioned Watson to design him a twenty-rater. She was built in Germany under Watson's supervision. She is a tin-keel boat, but not of the same extreme type as the Niagara. Neither has

she the same "get there" qualities. Thus far the Niagara has had no difficulty beating her every time they have met. Probably this is her imperial over-reaction to the fact that he did not place the order for her design with Herreshoff instead of with Watson. At all events he could not be blamed for feeling that way after reading this criticism in the London Yachting World for August 2.

So far as the present season is concerned the most disappointing of the new boats is undoubtedly the German Emperor's Vintea, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built at Kiel. The yacht, which in design seems to be a miniature edition of Valkyrie III, must have been too lightly constructed or else the material employed is to blame; at any rate, during the recent regatta at Kiel, she was so badly strained that she had to give up racing until her framework had been strengthened. On the same day the Herreshoff twenty-rater, Dakota, a sister ship of Niagara, escaped scathless, though indeed there was a lumpy sea on the Stollgrund.

The Thistle, referred to above, belongs to Baron von Zedwitz, a rich German aristocrat of lineage, with a strong partiality for salt water sports. Despite the fact that she is constructed on the same lines as the Niagara, the latter has always beaten her and she has also been left astern pretty generally by her British competitors. This it will probably

before the Queen accepted him as a son-in-law, he was sailing around in a 62-ton yawl. That was in 1874, and soon after that he got rid of her and bought a schooner, the Geleri, 98 feet on the water line. His twenty-rater, the Asphodel, was built for him in 1894, by Watson. He will probably get another one soon, for he is an enthusiast in all forms of out door sports and shows such a disregard for his neck when he rides to hounds, that many Britishers have forgiven him his foreign birth and good luck.

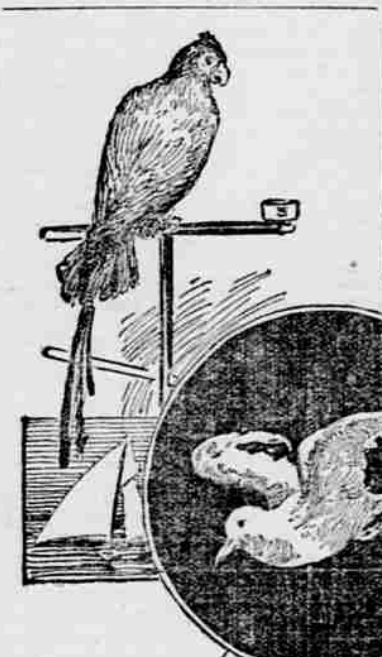
The yacht that has come nearest to prov-



H. I. M. the German Emperor as a Yachtsman.

ing a match for the Niagara, is the Earl of Londale's Eucharis. She is an up-to-date racer in all respects, and was turned out by Fife, in a hurry, for the express purpose of meeting the Yankee craft. Lord Londale is fond of yachting enterprises, and has money enough to indulge his fancy wherever it may lead him. It led him to hunt for the North Pole once. His ancestral acres are situated in the county of Westmoreland, and include some magnificent game preserves. The Prince of Wales is frequently his guest in the shooting season, and enjoys the unstinted hospitality of Lowther Castle. He is the owner of a big schooner, the Verna, of 316 tons, and on board of her off Cowes, last season, he entertained the Emperor of Germany and the Prince of Wales and several other swells in royal style. The Emperor of Germany returned the compliment when he got back to his own land. Lord Londale's turn came round again this season, and he entertained the German Emperor in magnificent style on his estate, as has been told in recent cable dispatches. Socially, therefore, Lord Londale may be said to be "right in it." He is a young man. He was born in 1857, and in 1878 married Lady Grace Gordon, sister of the present Marquis of Huntley.

Another young nobleman who races against Howard Gould's yacht is the Earl of Dudley. He was born in 1867, and succeeded to his father's estates and title in 1885. He is wealthy and has a magnificent place in Worcestershire, to which the Prince of Wales occasionally goes to help him turn out some of the game. When the Prince



The Gull That Perched on Valkyrie's Mast—Defender's Cross Between a Yellow Cur and the Son of a Sea Dog.

goes to Hungary to enjoy a battue with Baron Hirsch, Lord Dudley is usually one of the party. He first took to the turf, but wisely abandoned it, after paying a good round price for youth and experience. He took to yachting in 1897, with the little five-rater, the Vigora. She proved a failure, and in the year following he got another boat for the same class, the In-yon, which shows great speed in light weather.

Among Howard Gould's competitors are other young men who have wealth, but no titles. Francis Bellingham Jameson, of Dublin, can afford to hire a steam yacht to accompany the Luna on her racing tours. Another crack twenty-rater, the Zimta, is owned jointly by the brothers William and James Connell, young Scotchmen, who came to this country on the Clyde. The cable dispatches which describe the victories of the Niagara, say nothing about how her owner is improving his social opportunities. But there is no denying, save through lying, that they will make some people here feel envious.

Haunted by a Crime.

At a general election in England a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two, he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He sturched through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand. A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words, written in black on the wall, confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life and retired to an English colony, where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten—Argonaut.

Historical Warrant.

Nurse—Bertie, you naughty boy, leave off playing with your soldiers directly. Haven't I told you that you mustn't play with them on Sunday?

MASCOTS FOR YACHTSMEN

C. Oliver Iselin Is Very Fond
of the Defender's Dog.

VALKYRIE'S WHITE SEA GULL

Vigilant's Parrot Says:
"Larboard! How's Your
Mother-in-Law?"

I happened to be on shore when the Defender found her mascot. And as that is the happiest instant in the career of a boat I can say that I literally saw Good Luck leap aboard the Defender. His staying powers are another thing, but for a time the Good Luck was on deck certainly.

The Defender was dry-docked for they were putting new masts and spars on her. So dishevelled did she look that she might have been having her keel taken out and a centreboard substituted, so utterly to the level of an old hulk did her alterations reduce her.

Iselin felt depressed. His thousand dollars' worth of boat, and his million dollars' worth of pride he would have sold at that minute for one cent cash. He had come ashore, and stood disconsolately cying his boat.

FINDING THE MASCOT.

There was a snapping about his heels, a snarl—as only a yellow dog can snarl. And Iselin looked down just in time to see the cur grab a mouthful of his trousers and shake viciously. "It is a mascot!" called out a seaman on the boat. "It's a mascot, sir!"

"Without saying a word, the boat-owner ducked down, grabbed the yellow dog by his body, lifted him in his arms, and gave him a squeeze that drowned the snarl in a long, discomfited yelp. "Go for a collar as quick as you can," he called out to one of the lads, "and have 'Defender' put upon it. Get a silver chain, or a gold one if you want to, and see that it is strong. This mascot is not going to get away, if I can help it."

With the yellow dog in his arms, the usually dignified head of America's yacht syndicate, executed a delighted dance. "Take him aboard the Defender," he ordered a sailor near by, "and get something to scrub off this mascot with. Don't wash him too clean. May take off the luck."

When Mrs. Iselin saw the dog she was highly delighted. She bought him a yellow ribbon, parted his hair, and brushed it, and scrubbed his nose into a semblance of pinkness.

"What breed would you take that dog to be?" asked Mr. Iselin of an old salt who stood hitching his trousers and watching the lucky founding. "Well, er, sir, I don't know, an' yit I do know! On larboard they do have very perille names for animals an' things they don't know what they cum from. But on sea we're perille, I should say that that dog was a cross between a yaller cur and a son of a sea dog!"

VIGILANT'S BIRD.

The yaller cur's keelology was duly entered in the ship's log, and now none so ornamented as he upon the fore deck. The Vigilant's parrot is both beautiful

breast the Valkyrie has success ahead, and when she folds her wings into blackness there is trouble or defeat or breakdown. So superstitious have the crew of the Valkyrie become that when the gull folds her wings and looks black every effort is made to hide her from the sea sailors, who would be immediately disheartened.

GERRY'S CAPTAIN.

Commodore Gerry once had a captain so superstitious that he set the whole crew by the ears looking for signs of wonders. This very mystical man owned a small reticule made of snake's skin. The snake was killed in India by a Hindoo kir, who killed it by magic. The reticule was secured around the top by seven horsehairs out of the tail of an Arabian steed. Inside were nine hairs out of the tail of a Bengal lion, a hen's tooth, a hare's foot caught in a graveyard at midnight, and the eye of a poison snake.

This combination worked good for its owner and death to his enemies. When the boat set sail from the dock this reticule was hung over the head of the captain's bed, and it was neither touched, nor removed, nor jarred until the voyage was over. Once it fell from its nail, and at that instant a floating log dashed underneath the yacht and disabled its machinery until the bag was hung up again.

A "LOVELY" ORCHESTRA.

Willis K. Vanderbilt has a singular superstition for the Valiant. He will not allow the boat to stir from the wharf without its own private orchestra on board. The old yacht, the Alva, was "sailed" for years in the same way by its sweet-toned music, and the time it went down the orchestra had been left ashore.

The crew of the Valiant, sixty men, are superstitious to madness about this orchestra, and frankly say that it propitiates the Loreley with its strains. The Loreley, they explain, plays sweetly upon the most dangerous rocks, and so entrancing is its melody that the sailors will venture too near for safety if they once hear the music. The orchestra aboard the yacht draws the strains of the Loreley and keeps the boat from shipwreck off the rocks.

A few days ago Mr. Vanderbilt loaned his orchestra to a cottager at Bar Harbor for the evening, and not a man of the crew slept that night.

ASTOR'S AN! CATCH-OO!

Up the Thames there is a white-sailed yacht, the Paula. It is the property of Waldorf Astor, and has lain at Chiswick's wharf for two years past each night. The sailors aboard share Waldorf Astor's superstitious nature, the nature of which took him from his native country for odd trifles hardly worth considering. One of these is the sneezing fear. Sneezing once is lucky, but twice is bad of portent. This paragraph is printed and hangs in the messroom.

"Yr a sailor travel on this ship and sneeze twice, let him depart at once, or else we shayl not prosper."

And below it reads: "One sneeze in the night season betokeneth luck, but two sneezes signifyeth danger to this ship."

There is an odd story of superstition, told of a yachting chum of Royal Phelps Carroll, who spits upon his bait when he wishes to land big catches quickly.

Yachtsmen are bundles of signs and wonders, and no one in all the world will start out upon a voyage on Friday. "We're not Jean of Arc and Julius Caesar killed on that day!" the best educated of men ask, quite ignoring the fact that Shakespeare, Napoleon and Washington started upon the Voyage of Life on Friday.

A Chimney Full of Birds.

Between 7 and 7:15 o'clock each evening one of the most remarkable sights in Kansas City at the present time is in progress. At 6:45 chimney swallows begin to gather in the air over the Vineyard Market building on Eighth street. As the minutes pass hundreds of birds come from all directions until the sky is black with their wings.

They skim about in an aimless way until about 7 o'clock, then, with no apparent leadership, they form and begin to circle about in the air in a large oval directly above the chimney at the northeast corner of the Vineyard building. Other birds coming up join the circle until thousands of them are in the mad whirl.

At 7:15, with no apparent signal, they begin to pour down the chimney like water from a pitcher. Down they tumble, thousands of them, until one wonders if there is an underground outlet to the chimney, which hardly seems large enough to hold them all. In a few minutes they are out of sight.

All the time they are on the wing the air is full of a faint rustle and the whistle of a composite of the many sharp, staccato chirpings of the birds.

After all are in come a few stragglers that attempt to enter the chimney also. These are driven away by the birds inside. Then the stragglers fly up until they reach the spot where the general whirl commenced and they, too, fly around the circle several times and then dive into the chimney.

There are always a number of curious people in front of the building watching the birds. One old colored man is there every evening. He says he has watched the birds for several years in this great act of chimney-filling. They always choose a dead chimney somewhere about the city for their lodging house. Last year they occupied a brick building on Main street—Kansas City Star.

Von Bulow's Little Joke.

A German paper tells a new story about the late Dr. von Bulow. A lady of the German court insisted on being present at the rehearsal of a symphony and her importunities at length prevailed. But Von Bulow prepared a terrible revenge. He directed the first bassoon to play his part through from beginning to end as a solo obligato. The musician complied, and long before he had finished his appointed task the lady was in a position to sympathize with the wedding guest in "The Ancient Mariner," who "beat his breast, for he heard the loud bassoon."—New York Tribune.

DAUGHTERS OF DUNRAVEN

Milord's Girls Are of the
"Very English" Variety.

LADIES RACHEL AND AILEEN

"Cup Girls" in General Are
Wily—Mrs. Gould's -
Yachting Gowns.

New York, Sept. 14.—Cup, cup, cup! It is nothing but the cup! Cup dinners, cup suppers, cup excursions down the bay. And that is not all; there has sprung up out of the September winds a new creation, the Milord's girls, and so popular is she become in these Dunraven days that the summer girl is completely forgotten, and even the pretty girl is extremely insipid compared to her.

Two English girls now set the type for the cup girl. They are the Ladies Rachel and Aileen Dunraven. They are followers of the cup, literally chasing it over the ocean for the second time, and they hover around it, as it stands in Tiffany's window

cup girl the better and votes her a greater success than any other kind of girl ever seen. She is the only one of all the season's vista of girls who can sit with feet in pools of water and yet be able that evening to lead the chorus of the popular yachting song in a clear voice.

The cup girl is a very wily mias. In fact, she isn't quite all she seems to be. Notice, please, how she insists on keeping on that thick muffling coat of hers. That coat, with its immense satin sleeves, is heavy enough in texture to ward off the spray like water from a duck's smooth back. Note how she keeps that white broadcloth coat buttoned to the chin and how she settles its skirts around her and adjusts the very bewitching feather trimming.

A VIKING'S DAUGHTER.

"I am too warm," she insists; then she adds, carelessly, with a slight lifting of the tip-titled nose, "I think I must be descended from seafaring ancestors back in the Viking days. To me all seasons are alike upon the sea. Never too hot; never too cold! Always a thick coat, never warmth nor chill."

She carelessly steps away to the breezing side of the boat as she says this. Little cheat! She pretends by her walk and her absolutely untruffled appearance to be a maid of the sea. "Watch me! I have ridden upon a dolphin's back and visited the cave of blowy Aodas," she seems to say, as she balances herself lightly before the breeze.

But there are those who know the secret of her comfort: aloft, just as many have come to understand the whiteness of the summer girl and the perfume of her locks. But the cup girl has not so many in her confidence as yet. Those who are "in



THE CUP GIRL. Sketch of One of the Dunraven Party.

creation and an English entity, so far as her appearance is concerned, for she models her cloaks after her English cousins, who have sailed for cups for generations, and she has the slip walk of the Wales-princesses, who are the enthusiasts of the Britannia, and she copies the ways of the Dunraven sisters, who are very amiable girls. Though not strictly pretty, as our pretty girls go, they are sweet-tempered, strong, well-bred and very pleasant companions. The cup girls all know "Lady Rachel and Lady Aileen." But America's cup girl has distinct attributes.

CUP ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In these days, speaking of a woman, it is not "Who is she?" and "What can she do?" The cup girl can rise as a little before light, dress herself as prettily as though for an afternoon sail, take a hearty breakfast, walk a mile and step on board a yacht. The milks are on the bay, but she does not care. She has wet that front wave of hers with alcohol and steamed it dry over a hot bonus, and she knows that her bangs will stay in shape through the wetness and breeze of the early sail. She has put on cork-sole shoes, looking delicately dainty, but lined with the spongy material to prevent wetting her feet, and when the spray dashes over the deck she holds her place intrepidly. Perhaps she is at the wheel for a minute doing real duty.

"Ho, ho!" calls out the sailor-owner. "You are getting wet boots, my sailor lass!"

"Nay-ay," calls back the yachtswoman. "I'm for p'intin' her nose to sea in spite of the waves, for we've a clear day ahead."

Every one laughs at the drowsy sea-far tone of the cup girl, as she sings her answer back over her shoulder in imitation of the old captain, who is immensely tickled by the bit of drollery, and every one loves the girl to all sea, and they hurry along the Valkyrie's crew to get it.

The cup girl of America is an English

the know" tell with smiles of the fine hanging skirt that is of heavy serge. Around the hem is a row of little weights at small distances apart, not heavy, but just heavy enough to fight the winds.

They tell of crinolines underneath and of not a single skirt to tangle the limbs and prevent freedom of walk. There is a Cup Girl set of underwear for this kind of skirt. Every Cup Girl knows what it is and how it is. She knows the tightness of the wool, the "dancing girl" suggestion of the lower portions and the boned shapeliness of its upper parts. She knows, too, that it costs a great deal.

The dress waist with this sea captales skirt is a Jersey without shoulder puffs. It is the little plain old Jersey which English girls wear to death. It fits like a flannel shirt. It is pulled on over the head, and it clings to the waist and hips like a sweater, only it is fine and light, and trimmed with small bands, like a dress waist.

The regular loose Cup Girl cloak is slayed on this and the Cup Girl is telling the actual truth when she says she is neither cold nor hot, just comfortable, for never was there a rig better fitted to the weather than this one.

The cup girl is not a new woman, but she leaves off corsets. She is actually obliged to do this because, with those bonny tones on she could not indulate the seaman's rolls as she walks across deck when the sea is high, nor could she stoop for the rope nor jump for the sheet, or bend across the wheel when pressure must be put on. She is a shapely girl, of course, and long trim for at that; for well she knows that her own bones, offset with the boned under-bonings, will support her figure into nineteenth century ideas of beauty.

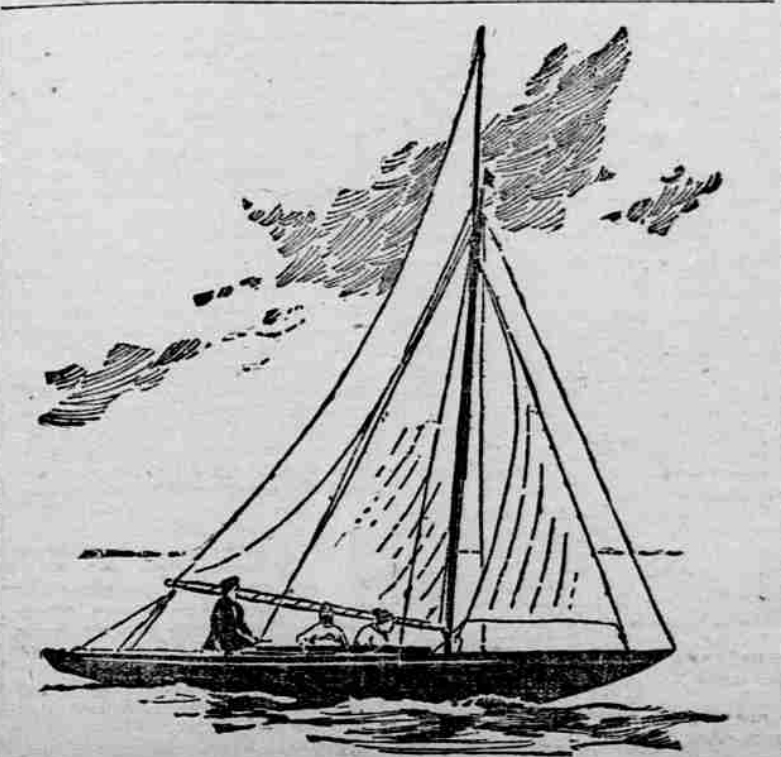
THOSE TWIN DUNRAVENS.

The Dunraven sisters wear queer cup gowns. Their habitual dress, for they dress as alike as peas in the same pod, is a black serge skirt, a white yachting coat, loose, and big-sleeved and hanging almost to the knees, and a big muffler for casting around the throat. They stand upon the Valkyrie deck side by side and clasp hands agonizedly when the big cup boat fails back. When she points ahead and shows her gait they stand apart and look as though clapping their hands, so fantastically do the ends of the neck mufflers dash together in the brisk wind.

Mrs. Iselin clings to her conventional dress. She is too busy and too tired to look up new ways of becoming a cup girl, but Mrs. George Gould has all the very latest agonies in dress. In the Norwegian floods she picked up a gown of deep red wool. It looks heavy as several bonnets and woofs as the back of a sheep. Crisp days she gets herself up in this, and warmer days she wears a very trim dress that looks like a Worth. But she's too, has stumbled to the long, loose yachting cloak. She slips it on and off, and spectators notice that today it is navy blue, to-morrow light blue, and next day white or drab. Its sleeves are always immense and of a contrasting color, except in the light blue material, when the whole cloak is like the heavens on a winning race day.

The Cup Girl is the sequel to the summer girl, and bachelors who were not conquered by the seafaring goddess are quailing before her altitudinal kin. She is so neat, so dress, so comfortable in appearance, so contented, so useful and so charming that the summer cargo of broken hearts is twice the heavier for her advent.

HELEN W.



The Fay With Miss Lord Steering.